C. Harding Pinxt. Engraved by Nathaniel Poston

Your friend

Hannah Adams.

A

MEMOIR

OF

MISS HANNAH ADAMS,

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

WITH

ADDITIONAL NOTICES,

BY A FRIEND.

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

The autobiography of Miss Adams is written with the modesty and unobtrusiveness which distinguished her character. It appears as if composed reluctantly, under the feeling that the community could hardly care to know anything about the struggles, disappointments, hopes and purposes of an individual so humble as herself. She undertook the task at the request of some of her friends, who thought that the circumstances of her life, and the traits of her character, well deserved to be remembered. But her principal motive in executing it, was to leave it as a legacy, which she hoped might be of some small benefit to an aged and very infirm sister, to whose comfort she had devoted her little savings for many years. It presents a lithographic drawing of herself, which will recall the features of her mind to those who knew her, and give some idea of them to those who did not.

The continuation of her life is by a lady, one of

those friends whose kindness she has acknowledged with warm gratitude towards the conclusion of her own narrative. It could not have been confided to better hands. The discrimination and delicacy with which the retiring virtues, and nicer shades of her character are delineated and produced, will explain to those who did not know her, what was the charm that drew genius and wealth, and youth and beauty, to minister with so much interest to the infirmities of a poor old woman.

Miss Adams was indeed deserving of such interest. Her life is, in many respects, full of instruction. Among those who have overcome great and peculiar difficulties in the pursuit of knowledge, she holds a distinguished place. She became a literary woman, when literature was a rare accomplishment in our country. She has produced one work, her History of Religions, which is the best of its kind, eminent for its great impartiality. But it was not merely for her powers of mind that she was remarkable, but for her warm affections, her glow of gratitude, and her childlike simplicity. It is honorable to the community in which she lived, that an individual, destitute as she was of all adventitious claims to distinction, should have been properly estimated and respected.

This note is prefixed by the gentlemen to whom she left the charge of publishing her manuscript.

A. N.
J. T.

CHAPTER I.

Being arrived at an age in which I cannot reasonably expect my life will be long continued, at the request of a highly esteemed friend I am about to give a concise outline of my past life; notwithstanding I am sensible that a retrospect of past errors, faults and misfortunes, will be exceedingly painful.

I was born in Medfield, a country town about eighteen miles from Boston. My father early imbibed a love of literature, and prepared to enter the university. But as his constitution then appeared to be very infirm, and he was an only son, his parents were strenuously opposed to his leaving them. Accordingly, to his inexpressible disappointment, he was obliged to settle upon their large farm, without a suitable knowledge of, or taste for, agricultural pursuits. This induc-

ed him to open a shop, for the sale, principally, of English Goods and Books. His taste for reading continued unabated till his death, which took place at the advanced age of eightyeight years.

From my infancy I had a feeble constitution; in particular, an extreme weakness and irritability in my nervous system. Hence I can recollect uneasiness and pain previous to any pleasurable sensations. My mother was an excellent woman, and deservedly esteemed and beloved; but as her own health was delicate, and she possessed great tenderness and sensibility, I was educated in all the habits of debilitating softness, which probably added to my constitutional want of bodily and mental firmness.

My father's circumstances then appeared affluent, and it was not supposed I should be reduced to the necessity of supporting myself by my own exertions. Partly from ill health, and an early singularity of taste, I took no pleasure in the amusements to which children are generally much attached. My health did not even admit of attending

school with the children in the neighborhood where I resided. The country schools, at that time, were kept but a few months in the year, and all that was then taught in them was reading, writing and arithmetic. In the summer, the children were instructed by females in reading, sewing, and other kinds of work. The books chiefly made use of were the Bible, and Psalter. Those who have had the advantages of receiving the rudiments of their education at the schools of the present day, can scarcely form an adequate idea of the contrast between them, and those of an earlier age; and of the great improvements which have been made even in the common country schools. The disadvantages of my early education I have experienced during life; and, among various others, the acquiring a very faulty pronunciation; a habit contracted so early, that I cannot wholly rectify it in later years.

In my early years I was extremely timid, and averse from appearing in company. Indeed, I found but few with whom I could happily associate. My life, however, was

not devoid of enjoyment. The first strong propensity of my mind which I can recollect, was an ardent curiosity, and desire to acquire knowledge. I remember that my first idea of the happiness of Heaven was, of a place where we should find our thirst for knowledge fully gratified. From my predominant taste I was induced to apply to reading, and as my father had a considerable library, I was enabled to gratify my inclination. I read with avidity a variety of books, previously to my mind's being sufficiently matured, and strengthened, to make a proper selection. I was passionately fond of novels; and, as I lived in a state of seclusion, I acquired false ideas of life. The ideal world which my imagination formed was very different from the real. My passions were naturally strong, and this kind of reading heightened my sensibility, by calling it forth to realize scenes of imaginary distress. I was also an enthusiastic admirer of poetry; and as my memory, at an early period, was very tenacious, I committed much of the writings of my favorite poets to memory, such as Milton, Thom-

son, Young, &c. I did not, however, neglect the study of history and biography, in each of which kind of reading I found an inexhaustible fund to feast my mind, and gratify my curiosity.

Another source of my enjoyments in early life was an ardent admiration of the beauties of nature. This enthusiasm was heightened by the glowing descriptions of poetic writers, and I entered into all their feelings. This taste has continued through life. At the present time, when age and experience have in some measure repressed the warmth of my feelings, and while I am now writing, I should be more delighted with beautiful rural prospects, and fine flowers, than when in early life I used to be enraptured with contemplating the sublime and beautiful in the works of creation.

My early life was diversified with few events, and those of a painful nature. The loss of my excellent mother, which happened when I had reached my tenth year, was the first severe trial I was called to suffer. When her death took place, I was at an age

when maternal direction is of the greatest importance, particularly in the education of daughters. Soon after, I was bereaved of an aunt, who was attached to me with almost maternal fondness. A few years after, my father failed in trade, in consequence of which I was reduced to poverty, with a constitution and early habits which appeared invincible obstacles to my supporting myself by my own exertions. Instead of that gayety, which is often attendant on youth, I was early accustomed to scenes of melancholy and distress; and every misfortune was enhanced by a radical want of health, and firmness of mind. My life passed in seclusion, with gloomy prospects before me, and surrounded with various perplexities from which I could not extricate myself. The solitude in which I lived was, however, to me, preferable to society in general; and to that, and to my natural singularity, I must impute that awkwardness of manners, of which I never could divest myself at an advanced period of life. A consciousness of this awkwardness produced a dislike to the company of

strangers. Those who have been accustomed to general society when young, can scarcely imagine the trembling timidity I felt, when introduced to my superiors in circumstances and education. I, however, enjoyed society upon a small scale. I had a few dear friends, (for novels had taught me to be very romantic,) who were chiefly in indigent circumstances, and like myself had imbibed a taste for reading, and were particularly fond of poetry and novels. Most of them wrote verses, which were read and admired by the whole little circle. Our mutual love of literature, want of fortune, and indifference to the society of those whose minds were wholly uncultivated, served to cement a union between us, which was interrupted only by the removal of the parties to distant places, and dissolved only by their death. Yet I soon experienced this melancholy change. One after another became victims to the King of Terrors, till our little society was greatly diminished; and I deeply felt these bereavements which were irreparable.

Still, however, I was blessed with a sister of

similar taste and sentiments, but very different in her disposition. I was warm and irritable in my temper; she, placid and even. I was fluctuating and undecided; she, steady and judicious. I was extremely timid; she blended softness with courage and fortitude. I was inclined to be melancholy, though sometimes in high spirits; she was uniformly serene and cheerful. I placed the strongest reliance upon her judgment, and as she was older than myself, she seemed the maternal friend, as well as the best of sisters. In short, 'she was my *guide*, my *friend*, my *earthly all*.'

As I was too feeble to engage in any laborious employments, I found considerable leisure for reading; and as my happiness chiefly consisted in literary pursuits, I was very desirous of learning the rudiments of Latin, Greek, geography, and logic. Some gentlemen who boarded at my father's offered to instruct me in these branches of learning gratis, and I pursued these studies with indescribable pleasure and avidity. I still, however, sensibly felt the want of a more sys-

tematic education, and those advantages which females enjoy in the present day. Yet as I always read with great rapidity, perhaps few of my sex have perused more books at the age of twenty than I had. Yet my reading was very desultory, and novels engaged too much of my attention. Though my seclusion from the world preserved me from many temptations which are incident to young people, I was perhaps more exposed to errors of the understanding, than those who in early life have mixed more with the world. Time and experience have led me to see the falsity of many of my early opinions, and ideas, and made me sensible that they were the source of a large share of the misfortunes of my following life.

CHAPTER II.

Until I had attained the twentieth year of my age, my reading had chiefly consisted of works of imagination and feeling; such as novels and poetry. Even the religious works I perused were chiefly devotional poetry, and such works as Mrs Rowe's Devout Exercises, and the lives of persons who were eminently distinguished for their piety. I was almost a stranger to controversial works, and had never examined the points in dispute between different denominations of Christians. But at length an incident in my life gave a different turn to my literary pursuit.

While I was engaged in learning Latin and Greek, one of the gentlemen who taught me had by him a small manuscript from Broughton's Dictionary, giving an account of Arminians, Calvinists, and several other denominations which were most common. This awakened my curiosity, and I assiduously engag-

ed myself in perusing all the books which I could obtain, which gave an account of the various sentiments described. I soon became disgusted with the want of candor in the authors I consulted, in giving the most unfavorable descriptions of the denominations they disliked, and applying to them the names of heretics, fanatics, enth usiasts, &c. I therefore formed a plan for myself, made a blank book, and wrote rules for transcribing, and adding to, my compilation. But as I was stimulated to proceed only by curiosity, and never had an idea of deriving any profit from it, the compilation went on but slowly, though I was pressed by necessity to make every exertion in my power for my immediate support. During the American revolutionary war, I learned to weave bobbin lace, which was then saleable, and much more profitable to me than spinning, sewing or knitting, which had previously been my employment. At this period I found but little time for literary pursuits. But at the termination of the American war, this resource failed, and I was again left in a destitute situation. My health did

not admit of my teaching a school, and I was glad to avail myself of every opportunity of taking any kind of work which I could do, though the profit was very small, and inadequate to my support. One pleasing event occurred in this gloomy period. I had the satisfaction of teaching the rudiments of Latin and Greek to three young gentlemen, who resided in the vicinity. This was some advantage to me. Besides, it was a pleasant amusement. One of these young gentlemen was the Rev. Mr Clark, of Norton, who pursued his studies with me till he entered Cambridge University, and has continued his friendship for me during life; and his uniform excellent character I have ever highly appreciated.

The difficulty of taking in such kinds of work as I could do, for I was not, like my sister, ingenious in all kinds of needle work, induced me, as the last resort, to attend to my manuscript, with the faint hope that it might be printed, and afford me some little advantage. I was far from being sanguine as to the result, even if I accomplished this ob-

ject, I had been in the habit of employing myself very diligently for trifling profits, and those who are in easy circumstances cannot form an adequate idea of the lively satisfaction I felt, when I could procure any work by which I could earn a few shillings. This kind of enjoyment, which Providence has given to the poor, appears intended to soften the many difficulties in their situation.

I was sensible, that, in printing my manuscript, I had various obstacles to encounter. It was difficult to procure proper materials for the work in my sequestered abode. I felt that my ignorance of the world, and little acquaintance with business, would put me in the power of every printer to whom I might apply. I, however, resumed my compilation on an enlarged scale, which included a few of the reasons which the various denominations give in defence of their different religious systems. Stimulated by an ardent curiosity, I entered into the vast field of religious controversy, for which my early reading had ill prepared me. I perused all the controversial works I could possibly obtain

with the utmost attention, in order to abridge what appeared to me the most plausible arguments for every denomination. As I read controversy with a mind naturally wanting in firmness and decision, and without that pertinacity which blunts the force of arguments which are opposed to the tenets we have once imbibed, I suffered extremely from mental indecision, while perusing the various and contradictory arguments adduced by men of piety and learning in defence of their respective religious systems. Sometimes my mind was so strongly excited, that extreme feeling obliged me for a time to lay aside my employment. Notwithstanding it required much reading to perform my task, the painful feelings I suffered while preparing my work for the press far outweighed all the other labor. Reading much religious controversy must be extremely trying to a female, whose mind, instead of being strengthened by those studies which exercise the judgment, and give stability to the character, is debilitated by reading romances and novels, which are addressed to the fancy and imagi-

nation, and are calculated to heighten the feelings.

After my View of Religions was prepared for the press, the difficulty still remained of finding any printer willing and able to print it without money immediately paid. But at length, after various perplexities, this compilation was put to the press in 1784. The profit to myself was very small; for, as it might well have been expected from my father's inexperience in the business of book making, he was completely duped by the printer, in making the bargain. After being at the trouble of procuring upwards of four hundred subscribers, all the compensation I was able to obtain, was only fifty books; and I was obliged to find a sale for them, after the printer, (whose name, out of respect to his descendants, I omit to mention,) had received all the subscription money. As my books sold very well, the printer must have made something handsome by the publication.

The effect of reading so much religious controversy, which had been very

trying to my mind, was extremely prejudicial to my health, and introduced a train of the most painful nervous complaints. I was at length brought so low, that the physician who attended me supposed I was in a decline. But after a tedious interval of extreme suffering, I began gradually to recover; and afterwards found my complaints were increased, by following the injudicious advice of the physician who attended me. To the skill and attention of my friend Dr Mann, formerly of Wrentham, I owe, under Heaven, the preservation of my life at this period.

Soon after I began to recover, I received a letter from the printer of my View of Religions, informing me that he had sold the greatest part of the edition, and was about to reprint it; and requesting me to inform him if I wished to make any additions to my work. As I had the precaution to secure the copy-right, agreeably to the law passed in Massachusetts, 1783, I returned a laconic answer, forbidding him to reprint it; and he finally relinquished the design.

The information, that the first edition of

my View of Religions was sold, gave me the idea of reprinting it for my own benefit. But as I was entirely destitute of pecuniary resources, ignorant of the world, incapable of conducting business, and precluded from almost all intercourse with persons of literature and information, and consequently destitute of friends who were able and willing to assist me, the execution of the plan was extremely difficult. Even the few friends I had gained at that time supposed the disadvantages in my situation too great to encourage my undertaking. Instead of assisting me, they considered my plan as chimerical, and depressed my hopes and discouraged my exertions.

While I was struggling with embarrassments and difficulties, I was involved in the deepest affliction by the death of the beloved sister, whom I mentioned in the preceding Chapter. I then experienced the keenest anguish the human heart can feel in losing a friend.

Dearer than life, or aught below the skies,
The bright ideas and romantic schemes

lications. I now applied to a large number of printers to know on what terms they would publish my work. But, though I wrote nearly the same letter to all, consisting of a few direct questions, their answers were generally various, prolix, and ambiguous.

I at length concluded to accept the terms of one of the printers to whom I applied, who offered me one hundred dollars in books, for an edition of one thousand copies. When I went to Boston for this purpose, a friend of mine introduced me to the Rev. Mr Freeman, whom I had only once before seen: but I was well apprised of his benevolent character, which I found more than realized the ideas which I had formed of it from report. I shall ever recollect the generous interest he took in my affairs, with the most lively gratitude. He removed my perplexity, by transacting the business with the printer. By his advice, a subscription paper was published; and I soon found the benefit of his patronage, in procuring a large number of subscribers, and concluding an

advantageous bargain for me with Mr Folsom, the printer. The second edition was published in 1791; and the emolument I derived from it not only placed me in a comfortable situation, but enabled me to pay the debts I had contracted during mine and my sister's illness, and to put out a small sum upon interest.

CHAPTER III.

Encouraged and animated by this success, I soon formed the design of engaging in another publication, and set myself to choose a subject. It was poverty, not ambition, or vanity, that first induced me to become an author, or rather a compiler. But I now formed the flattering idea, that I might not only help myself, but benefit the public. With this view, I engaged in writing a Summary History of New England. I selected this subject, rather for public utility, than for my own gratification. My object was to render my compilation useful to those in early life, who had not time or opportunity to peruse the large mass of materials, which, previously to my compilation, lay scattered in many publications. I knew the work would require much reading upon dry subjects, such as ancient news prints, state papers, &c. But I wrote for a bare subsis-

tence, and never wished to gain anything from the public which I had not at least earned by laborious investigation. I also considered, that attention to such an antipoetical subject would have a tendency to keep my mind in a more healthy state, than the perusal of works which are calculated to excite the feelings. I therefore resolved to fix my attention by investigating simple facts, and by relinquishing to a great extent the reading works of taste and imagination.

When I compiled this work, there was not any history of New England extant, except Mather's Magnalia, and Neale's History; and these extended only to an early period in the annals of our country. If there had been only one work, which reached to the acceptance of the Federal constitution, my task had been far less laborious. There was no authentic account of Rhode Island, except that of Callender's. This induced me to spend some time in Providence, in order to examine the Records in the Secretary's office. The perusal of old manuscripts, which were damaged by time, was painful to my eyes;

but as they were naturally strong, I did not for some time perceive the injury I suffered from the task.

After I returned from Providence, I attended to my compilation with unremitting diligence, and hoped not only to obtain a temporary support, but to make a small provision for future subsistence. Stimulated by these sanguine views, I wrote early and late during one winter, and expected to put my work to the press the ensuing spring. But how vain were all these pleasing anticipations! A new misfortune arrested my progress, and made me feel my entire dependence upon divine Providence. I found my sight suddenly fail to that degree, that I was obliged to lay aside reading, writing, and every employment which required the use of my eyes. In this distressed situation, I consulted a number of physicians; and their prescriptions rather increased, than diminished my complaints. The gloomy apprehension of being totally deprived of my sight was distressing beyond description. I not only anticipated the misfortune of being obliged

forever to relinquish those literary pursuits which had constituted so much of my enjoyment during life, and was at this time my only resource for a subsistence, but as I had from my earliest years been an enthusiastic admirer of the beauties of nature, I felt the most painful sensation in reflecting that the time might arrive, when

> 'With the year
> Seasons return, but not to me return
> Day, or the sweet approach of eve or morn,
> Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer rose.'

At length, by the advice of a respectable friend, I applied to Dr Jeffries; and by assiduously following his prescriptions for about two years, I partially recovered my sight. For the encouragement of those who are troubled with similar complaints, I would mention, that when I first consulted the doctor, he had not any expectation my eyes would recover so as to enable me to make the use of them I have since done. But by applying laudanum and sea water several times in the course of the day, for two years, I recovered so far as to resume my studies; and

In the meantime, however, I set about writing a concise View of the Christian Religion, selected from the writings of eminent laymen. I wrote with difficulty, as my eyes were still very weak; but I wished to exert myself as much as possible to be useful, and to gain a subsistence. Though attention to religious controversy had led me to feel undecided on some disputed points, of which perhaps Christians of equal piety form different opinions, my conviction of the truth of divine revelation, instead of being weakened by all my researches, was strengthened and confirmed; and I wished to make a public declaration of my sentiments on this important subject. I found it difficult to procure proper materials for the work, as I was utterly unable to purchase books. A considerable part of this compilation, as well as the additions to the third edition of my View of Religions, was written in booksellers' shops. I went to make visits in Boston, in order to consult books in this way, which it was impossible for me to buy, or borrow. I desire, however, to recognise with gratitude the attention of

my kind father, who took pains that I should have the benefit of all books which he could procure, and assisted me greatly in disposing of my works. When I had completed my compilation, I found the printers and booksellers unwilling to purchase the copy, because much had been written on the subject, and these publications were unsaleable. At length, in 1804, I agreed with a printer to execute the work, upon the small consideration of receiving only one hundred dollars in books.

The tenor of my life at this time was very monotonous. It was enlivened, however, by gleams of happiness, from the society of a few friends, and the pleasure I derived from literary pursuits; and, by my convictions of the truth of that religion, to the examination of which I had devoted so much of my time. My eyes still continued very weak, and I wrote under the apprehension of being reduced to a state that would preclude all application to study. A considerable part of my History of New England being now disposed of, my only resource appeared to be to abridge

that work for the use of schools. The profit I hoped to derive from this compilation seemed to me to constitute all I had to depend upon in future, if my life should be spared. While I entertained these hopes, in which I was made sanguine by my knowledge of the success with which books for schools had been printed, can it be a subject of blame, or reproach, to a person in my situation, that I felt extremely grieved, and hurt, when I found my design anticipated by a reverend gentleman, whose calling, and indefatigable industry, are highly respectable? The difference between us was left to referees, who sustained a high reputation for ability, and sound judgment, extensive information, and moral excellence. I was satisfied with their decision. But I was reduced to the painful task of writing on the subject; for, though I took this measure with extreme reluctance, my opponent left me no other alternative. I sincerely hope the painful affair may never be recalled to his prejudice.

CHAPTER IV.

NOTWITHSTANDING the little profit, and various discouragements I had experienced in writing for the press, as I was entirely dependent upon my own exertions for a support, I was resolved to persevere. I had now acquired a number of valuable friends, to whose generous exertions in my favor I was deeply indebted. By several of them, I was enabled to put my abridgment of the History of New England to the press. I was however unfortunate in this, as well as my other compilations. The printer failed while it was in the press, which deprived me of the profit I expected to derive from it. Two years afterwards, I published a new edition. A similar misfortune befel me in this second attempt to avail myself of my labors.

But though my productions were far from being profitable, and I had frequent inter-

ruptions in my studies from ill health, and bad eyes, I still had my share of enjoyment. I hoped my works might be useful, and I was highly gratified by their candid reception by the public.

I next chose a subject in which I thought it probable that I should not meet with any interference. I formed the design of writing the History of the Jews, though I was sensible that it would require much reading, and that I must wander through a dreary wilderness, unenlivened by one spot of verdure. My curiosity was strongly excited, and I determined to persevere in my attempt to investigate the fate of this wonderful people. I began the introduction with their state under the Persian monarchy, after their restoration from the Babylonish captivity. The standard works for this History were Josephus, and Basnage, the latter of whom brings his narrative down only to the 19th century. After this period, I was obliged to compile from desultory publications and manuscripts. I had at this time the privilege of corresponding with the

celebrated Gregoire, who had attained great celebrity for the conspicuous part he acted during the French Revolution, and exerted all his energy in the first constitutional assembly to procure the rights of citizens for the Jews. He had the goodness to send me some writings in their favor, which increased the interest I felt in this oppressed people.

Previously to concluding this gloomy detail of the difficulties I encountered, while writing for the press, I would first notice, that I was obliged to exert myself to the utmost to overcome my natural timidity, and accommodate myself to my situation. After the age and infirmities of my father prevented him from assisting me, as he had formerly done, in selling and exchanging the copies of my work, I was necessitated to exert myself in doing business out of the female line, which exposed me to public notice. And as I could not but be sensible that my manners were remarkably awkward, this consciousness, joined with my ignorance of the established rules of proprie-

ty, rendered me tremblingly apprehensive of exposing myself to ridicule. These unpleasant feelings, however, in time abated. In order to meet this trial, I considered, that what is right and necessary in the situation in which Providence has placed me, cannot be really improper ; and though my acting upon this principle may have exposed me to the censure, or ridicule of those, whose ideas upon the subject are derived from the varying modes of fashion, and not from the unchanging laws of moral rectitude, it saved me from a feeling which would have been infinitely more painful, that of self-reproach. My objects were, to obtain the approbation of my own heart, and the esteem of a few friends whose opinion I most highly prized, and I was comparatively indifferent to the censure or ridicule of the world in general.

In the life of Mrs Charlotte Smith it is pertly remarked, that the 'penalties and discouragements attending authors in general fall upon woman with double weight. To the curiosity of the idle, and the envy of the malicious, their sex affords a pecu-

liar excitement. Arraigned not merely as writers, but as women, their characters, their conduct, and even their personal endowments, become the object of severe inquisition. From the common allowances claimed by the species, literary women appear only to be exempted.'

Though I have been too insignificant, and treated with too much candor, fully to realize the above remarks, yet I have been in a situation deeply to feel the trials which attend literary pursuits. At length I saw old age approaching, without any provision for it, when if my life was spared, I should be incapable of exerting myself; and my mind was at times depressed by this gloomy prospect.

CHAPTER V.

WHILE I was compiling my History of the Jews, I boarded in Dedham. I was here honored with the friendship, and received the kind offices of Mr Dowse, his lady, and her sister,* and more pecuniary favors than I have ever experienced from any other individuals. Whenever I visited this happy family, I was received with the utmost cordiality; and I desire publicly to express my grateful sense of their goodness.

While writing my History, my eyes, which, since I had first injured them, have been occasionally troublesome, failed to that degree, that I was induced again to go to Boston to consult Dr Jeffries, in the hope, that, by attending to his directions, I might finish my

**Mrs Shaw*, who allowed Miss Adams one hundred dollars a year, for twentyfive years, paid to her quarterly, by Josiah Quincy, Esq.

work. During this visit at Boston, I received the unexpected intelligence, that a number of benevolent gentlemen had settled an annuity upon me, to relieve me from the embarrassments I had hitherto suffered. The Hon. Josiah Quincy, Stephen Higginson, Esq. and William Shaw, Esq. were some of its first promoters. This providential interference excited my most lively gratitude to my generous benefactors, and I hope I sensibly felt my deep obligation to the source of all good.

My generous friends could hardly appreciate the extent of the benefit they conferred upon me. I had not been able to make any provision for my declining years, and had not a place on earth which I could call my home. My spirits were depressed by my destitute circumstances, and I am persuaded that under Providence, the generosity of my friends was the means of prolonging my life.

I had now attained a condition more eligible than my most sanguine wishes could ever have led me to anticipate. If in early life I could have enjoyed the literary advantages

I now possessed, I should have thought it the height of earthly happiness. But I was now too far advanced in life to profit by the advantages I had gained. However, I was grateful, and happy. My friend William Shaw, Esq. gave me the liberty of frequenting the Atheneum. Amidst that large and valuable collection of books, I found an inexhaustible source of information and entertainment; and among other advantages, I found a few literary friends, in whose conversation I enjoyed 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul.' Among the many blessings I was favored with, I shall ever highly appreciate the acquaintance and friendship of the late Rev. Mr Buckminster, in whom I contemplated with admiration the rare union of intellectual, moral, and religious excellence; of a powerful mind with extensive information, and a feeling heart enlivened by devotion. He was admired for his distinguished abilities and learning by all who knew him; but the peculiar traits of benevolence, nobleness of mind, sincerity and sweetness of temper, which adorned his character, could

only be duly appreciated by those who were honored with his friendship.

Mr Buckminster was so kind as to give me the use of his large and valuable library, which was of great advantage to me in compiling my History of the Jews. In my efforts to complete the work, I was encouraged and animated by his participating in the interest I felt in this extraordinary people. Though entering into the details of the sufferings of the persecuted Jewish Nation, yet the enthusiasm Mr Buckminster inspired, and the pleasure of conversing with him upon a subject with which he was intimately acquainted, rendered the time I was writing my History one of the happiest periods of my life. I completed my work in 1812, a few months before his death.

In the year 1812 I sustained a severe affliction, by the sudden death of Mr Buckminster. Amidst the large number who lamented his death, I believe there was none (except his near relations) who felt more distressed than myself. I desire, however, to be grateful to divine Providence for the privilege of his acquaintance and friendship.

While my feelings were deeply susceptible from the recent wound they had received by the death of Mr Buckminster, I went to Medfield to visit my aged father, with the hope that I might do something to administer to his comfort, and in this way soothe my own grief. But while I was with him, he was seized with a complaint which put a period to his life. Though from his age, and infirmities, I had been often led to anticipate this event, I found it very trying when I actually realized it. He had been a very kind parent to me, and though he could not bestow any property upon me, he was very solicitous to aid me as far as he could. He was a great assistant to me both in procuring books, and in disposing of my works. During the last years of his life, he was assiduously engaged in studying the sacred Scriptures, with the assistance of all the commentaries he could procure. In the funeral sermon preached upon his death, the Rev. Dr Prentiss observes, 'He was ever strongly attached to the society of literary and serious people, particularly of the clergy, with a number of whom he kept up a friendly in-

tercourse. There is reason to believe, that by his exertions for many years he contributed in no small degree to the diffusion of knowledge and piety, and to the advancement of the cause of Christ.' My father's love of books continued till the last. He read, and heard reading, on the day on which he expired. My residence in Boston enabled me to procure books for his perusal, and it afforded me great pleasure to be thus permitted to gratify my honored parent.

When, after the death of my father, I returned to Boston, my mind was depressed with my recent losses. But I was sensible that I was still favored with many inestimable privileges. Mr Buckminster had been so kind as to introduce me to a number of his acquaintances, who treated me with that genuine kindness which is the essence of true politeness.

Among the number of those excellent friends, to whom Mr Buckminster was so kind as to introduce me, I would particularly recognise Mrs Dearborn, and Mrs Win-

throp, who shone in the circles of polished life, and adorned their eminent stations by their engaging manners, and highly cultivated minds; and still more, by their christian virtues. They were blessings to those around them; and for a course of years favored me with their attention, and kind offices. When they were removed by death to a higher state of existence, I deeply mourned the heavy and irreparable loss I sustained.

While deeply indebted to the bounty of my dear and honored friends, I wished to pursue my literary occupations with as much diligence as my health would permit. But in the decline of life, I was so far debilitated by repeated fevers, at small intervals from each other, that I was unable to write for the press. At length, I so far recovered, as to resume a work I had formerly begun, upon the New Testament, which I designed to be much larger than it is; but my advanced age induced me only to publish a little book, entitled, 'Letters on the Gospels,' which has passed through two editions.

I have already mentioned the perplexity

and embarrassment of my mind, while writing my View of Religions. After removing to Boston, and residing in that city while the disputes upon Unitarian sentiments were warmly agitated, I read all that came in my way upon both sides of the question; and carefully examined the New Testament, with, I think, a sincere and ardent desire to know the truth. I deeply felt the difficulties upon both sides of the question; yet prevailingly give the preference to that class of Unitarians, who adopt the highest idea of the greatness and dignity of the Son of God. I never arrived to that degree of decision that some have attained on that subject. In this, and every other disputable subject, I would adopt the following lines;

If I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart,
To find the better way.

NOTICES

IN CONTINUATION.

BY A FRIEND.

NOTICES.

Those who have been favored with a personal knowledge of the Author of the short Memoir contained in this book, will read it with the deepest interest; and perhaps to them it may seem almost superfluous to say more of her. But Miss Adams's works have circulated far beyond the sphere in which she moved, and there are many who are desirous of knowing her, as she was appreciated by others, and not by her own estimate. Such would be poorly satisfied with the short sketch she has given of herself, though her friends must ever value it as a parting legacy.

The 'timidity of early years' followed Miss Adams through life; and, even when surrounded by intimate friends, it never

wholly forsook her. It was a sensitiveness that sprung from deep feeling, and a diffidence that was the result of genuine humility. This often operated unfavorably upon her manners, and produced an awkwardness, of which she was painfully conscious. But there were times when the warmth of her heart, and the cultivation of her mind, gave an enthusiasm and eloquence to her language, that astonished those who listened to her. At such times, her countenance lost its usual calm placidity, and glowed with an animation that rendered it highly interesting. There was indeed a wonderful singularity in her appearance. In the circles of polished life to which she was often courted, there was nothing like her. In the circles of humble life, she was equally unassuming, and equally peculiar. No one could see her, without feeling that she was not of this world. It is possible that part of this timidity might have arisen from the seclusion of early years. But it is certain, that no culture, or discipline, could have formed her manners to the standard of easy and fashionable

life. She sometimes observed, 'I know I am very awkward; I never could learn to make a curtsey.' But it must not be supposed that there was in her any want of gentleness, or propriety. Her disinterested and affectionate disposition made her, in reality, all that the most calculating would desire to appear.

The simplicity, and often the abstractedness of Miss Adams' manner, led many to suppose that her talents were confined to the subjects on which she wrote. Some considered her as a walking dictionary of 'Religious Opinions.' Others viewed her merely as an 'Abridgment of the History of New England.' And many said, 'if you want to know Miss Adams, you must talk to her about the Jews.' And this last was, indeed, a subject that always called forth the energy of her mind. She had faithfully studied their history, and she venerated the antiquity of their origin. Her inquiring mind was deeply interested by their 'wonderful destination, peculiar habits, and religious rites.' She felt for them as a suffering and persecut-

ed people; and she felt yet more, when she considered them as a standing monument of that religion, which she regarded as the first and best of God's gifts to men. It was the long contemplation of this chosen race that induced her, amidst all the obstacles that were in her way, to write their history. It was an arduous labor. Yet her work is a proof, that, in this 'barren wilderness she found many a spot of verdure.' But those who viewed her merely in relation to her literary works, knew her but imperfectly. With her extreme simplicity, there was an uncommon depth of observation, and an intuitive knowledge of character. She was often in circles where her timidity kept her almost wholly silent, and where she hardly seemed to be even a spectator. But her subsequent remarks would show how accurately she had observed, and how nicely she had discriminated. In speaking of a lady of her acquaintance, she said, 'I value and admire her, but I can never be easy with her. She is *so* kind, and *so* condescending, that I can see she never forgets I am a poor awk-

ward old woman.' At another time, when deploring the loss of a young lady, whose fine talents had made her the delight of her friends, 'and yet,' she said, 'she died at the best time. Her powers were brilliant, and beautiful, but they were exhausting to herself; and had she lived, she would have faded before she reached her prime.' Her mind was habitually cheerful, and her cheerfulness was much increased by her sensibility to the works of nature. She looked upon every object with the eye of a poet, and forgot her infirmities, and even her diffidence, as she described her emotions. On visiting her sister, who resided in the country, after having been confined to her chamber, in the city through the winter, 'it seemed to me,' said she, 'as if the world was just created.' No one could exclaim with more feeling and truth,

> 'I care not, fortune, what you me deny,
> You cannot rob me of free nature's grace,
> You cannot bar the windows of the sky,
> Through which Aurora shows her brightening face.'

There is but little doubt, that, had she

given way to the natural temperament of her mind, which was enthusiastic and romantic, she might have been a poet. But her duties, and her lot, led her into a different path of life. In her youth, however, she occasionally listened to the inspiration of the muses; and though she never set any value on these productions, they discover much excellent thought, and a high tone of feeling.

The want of early advantages, to which Miss Adams so feelingly alludes in her memoirs, ought not to be forgotten, nor the difficulties through which she struggled. Her attendance upon any school was extremely uncertain, and often interrupted by her feeble health. Added to this, the schools of a country village are not often of the highest class. Even the elementary parts of education are much neglected in them. 'I never,' said she, 'was taught how to hold my pen.'

There is nothing that more strikingly denotes the progress of literature in this part of the country, than the attention which is at present paid to female education. There

are few branches, if any, in which boys are instructed, which are not now equally open to girls. Not many years ago, however, the test of a good school rested principally upon the exhibitions made of hand-writing, spelling, and arithmetic. Grammar, it is true, was professedly taught, but in a manner that conveyed few ideas to the pupil. To get the longest lessons, and to be at the head of the class, constituted the best scholar. By degrees, parsing, in its simplest forms, was introduced, to aid the knowledge of grammar. Composition, geography and history followed; and the education of girls began to assume a more respectable standing. Yet even at this period, our village school-master much resembled Goldsmith's, of whom,

> 'The village all declared how much he knew;
> 'Twas certain he could write and cipher too.'

It was at such schools as these that Miss Adams received her early education. Her ardent thirst for knowledge, however, and her industry and perseverance enabled her, in maturer life, to make uncommon acquirements.

Yet she always felt, and regretted, the want of more thorough, and systematic instruction. Her father entered into trade as a desperate resource from the weariness of an agricultural life, for which he had no taste. He was plundered, and cheated by the man, whom he engaged to carry on his farm; and as he had plunged into all the transactions of a country trader, dealing in books and drugs, English and West India goods, through all came vexation and disappointment, and a total failure ensued. A large proportion of his books were left on his hands, and afforded to Miss Adams great facilities for reading. Her father, too, happily for her, had encouraged in her a taste congenial to his own; and her mind became cultivated, and embued with knowledge, almost without her own consciousness of the progress she was making. However unpropitious to her were the pecuniary disappointments of her father's life, they seem to have exerted a favorable influence on her mind. Resort was had also, at this time, to the receiving of several boarders into the family;

and from these she acquired the knowledge of Greek and Latin. Of this knowledge, she tells us she availed herself, for fitting three young men for College; and for Mr P. Clark, one of her pupils, mentioned in her memoirs, she retained through life the warmest regard. He married a friend of hers; and 'this,' said she, 'was the only match I ever had any hand in making.' Of her mother, she always spoke with enthusiastic reverence; and though only eleven years of age when she died, she retained a perfect recollection of her. Mrs Adams was married at fifteen, and died at the age of thirty three, leaving three girls and two boys. Her short life seems to have been filled with usefulness; and the following epitaph, written by an Episcopal clergyman, who was a particular friend, and constant visitor of the family, may still be traced on her humble grave stone, should any descendant of 'Old Mortality' chance to wander to the spot.

'Beneath this monument of love and truth,
Rear'd by fair gratitude's persuasive call,
Rest the remains of innocence, and youth;
Esteem'd, lamented, and beloved by all.

Fond of retirement, and of rural ease,
Her sober wishes never loved to stray.
Heaven was her aim, her study, how to please,
And carefully improve each fleeting day;
To worth, a friend; a parent to the poor.
Such was the woman! could the saint be more?'

After the death of her mother, the care of Hannah, and of a younger sister, devolved on Elizabeth, who was the oldest daughter. They now lived in great retirement; and one of Miss Adams's early employments was, weaving lace with bobbins on a cushion. In referring to this, she afterwards pleasantly observed, that, 'it was much more profitable than writing books.' This manner of life, with her desultory habits of reading, gave a romantic and enthusiastic turn to her mind, which was never essentially changed either by time or circumstances.

Miss Adams's heart was however peculiarly alive to the ties of natural affection. She deeply felt the death of an aunt, who had shown for her maternal tenderness. But as long as her sister Elizabeth lived, she had, to use her own words, a friend, a counsellor, and

guide. 'There was,' she said, 'but one heart between us; and I used sometimes to tell my sister, in the overflowing of my affection, that I could bear to lose everything if she was spared to me; but, if she were taken away, I should surely die!' Yet this calamitous event took place; and Miss Adams lived to prove, as many others have done, that there is, in the day of sorrow, a strength imparted beyond human fortitude. The health of this beloved sister was declining for nearly two years; and it was, during that time, one of her constant objects, to fortify Miss Adams's mind for an event, that she felt was near, and which she feared would be overwhelming. It however gradually approached, and brought no terrors to herself. She was calm, and resigned; constantly expressing her 'entire submission to the Divine will, and laying all her burden at the foot of the cross.' There were no enthusiastic flights, nor was there any unnatural exaltation of mind in her views of death. Though in the bloom of youth and with an ardent enjoyment of life, she met the event like a Chris-

tian. Hers was a philosophy which was formed and nurtured by religion.

'For years after my sister's death,' said Miss Adams, 'it was a struggle to live.' Her health was extremely feeble, her heart she believed broken, and poverty pressed heavily upon her. There were times, indeed, when she felt as if she had not even a home. Her father had made over his house and property to a son, with whom he and his other children continued to live; but as this son was married, and his family was increasing, notwithstanding his paternal kindness, Miss Adams felt, and could not but feel, as if she was a burden upon her brother. This was the most trying period of her life, and it was always recollected by her with strong emotion.

The first effort of her pen, after her sister's death, produced some lines on that subject. They seem to be the very breathings of her heart, and are thrown together almost without form; yet a few extracts from them will best show the state of her mind.

'The first attachment of my earliest years,
Ere yet I knew to feel the attractive force
Of sacred friendship, was my love to her.
Our minds expanding, each succeeding year
Heightened our mutual friendship. Not a joy
Ere touched my soul, but when she shared a part.
When pierced with sorrow, her all cheering smile
Could give me comfort. Well she knew to bear
Life's adverse scenes with calm, undaunted mind,
And placid resignation. Grace divine
Illumed her soul, and stamp'd its features there.

* * * * * *

The best of friends! Oh, how my bleeding heart
Recalls her tender love! Of self unmindful,
For me she seemed to live; forever kind,
Forever studious to promote my good.
"She was my guide, my friend, my earthly all;"
Heaven's choicest blessing. Not a single thought
Could lurk in close disguise. I knew to trust
This much loved sister with my inmost soul.

And must I lose her! While unkind disease
Threatened a life so dear, my trembling heart
Sunk in o'erwhelming wo. Could prayers, or tears,
Could sleepless nights, or agonizing days,
And all the care of fond officious love
Avert thy fate, — sister, thou still hadst lived.'

Many expressions of her deep feeling on this subject might be extracted from her papers; and to her immediate friends, they are precious records of a sorrow stricken, and resigned spirit. But the friendship of these

two sisters was such as "strangers intermeddle not with." The death of this sister seemed to be the dissolution of a tie, like that which occasioned the exclamation of David in his beautiful lamentation over Jonathan. "Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women."

That Miss Adams drew her support from religious trust, this extract from manuscripts very clearly shows. She endeavored herself with much to compose, in making extracts from the Scriptures which she applied to her particular state of mind. These she arranged in a little book, and preserved till her death.

In her memoirs, she alludes to a small circle of females that had gradually been drawn together from the neighboring towns, by a similarity of taste and situation; and in this circle, she found great enjoyment. In after years, her imagination greatly exaggerated their merit. Yet, she retained many proofs that they were more an ordinary stamp. In speaking of this band of friends, Miss Adams said, "they were all poor, and most

of them good-looking,' and then added, with her usual simplicity, 'I had the fewest attractions of any of them.'

Nor was Miss Adams's pen at this time idle. The powers of her mind were early appreciated by her young associates; or, perhaps, it is more just to say, that they obtained that influence, which, however unclaimed, is stamped upon superior intellect. Mind is created to rule. Wealth, and all merely outward distinctions are thrown into obscurity, when brought in competition with mental power. This is strikingly exemplified in public and professional strife; and, though more minutely, yet hardly less obviously, in the miniature circle of private life. Miss Adams, with all her humility, and her retiring modesty, was the *casuist* of her youthful friends. A number of her papers that remain, prove how often she was resorted to by her companions in cases of opinion; and the publication of a few of these, it is believed, cannot be wholly uninteresting to those who knew her in later life.

One of her young friends put to her this

interrogative. Ought mankind to be respected for their personal worth alone, abstracted from all accidental causes?

To this question Miss Adams replied.

'Mankind ought primarily to be respected for their personal worth; yet if accidental causes make that worth appear more conspicuous, it may increase our esteem, which still is founded on personal worth in proportion as it appears. The more we see of virtue, the more it ought to attract our love and admiration. Virtue becomes visible only by its effects. The diamond we value for its intrinsic worth. But when it is polished and set, its essential beauty appears more refulgent. So external accomplishments, and accidental causes, set forth the original beauty of virtue, and serve to heighten its charms. There are particular circumstances in which every virtue will shine with peculiar lustre. For instance, humility has intrinsic excellence. But it appears most attractive in those who are placed in affluent circumstances, and are surrounded by pomp and splendor. Fortitude, also, is an excel-

lent quality of the mind. But suffering and adversity must bring it forth. Persons who have performed eminent services for their country are worthy of greater honor, than those who have remained in private life with equal worth. I conclude, therefore, that mankind ought to be esteemed for their personal worth, as it is rendered conspicuous by accidental causes.'

Another question proposed was, whether virtue ought not to be regarded as its own reward, without any reference to a future state of happiness, or misery?

To this she replied, 'A regularity of conduct is for the interest of all, even were their prospects terminated by the enjoyments of this life. We cannot doubt that the virtuous Seneca enjoyed more happiness than Nero, his cruel and tyrannical master. So far as inward peace of conscience depends on virtue, it is its own reward. But we do not find that its ends are commensurate with its exertions. Honest industry does not always bring even a moderate support. It therefore appears evident to me, that there

would not be sufficient reward for, nor consequently sufficient excitement to, the sacrifices which virtue requires, without the hope of a future life. God, by the influences of his spirit, brings home the truths of the Gospel upon the mind, and makes them the spring of new, and right principles. Hence Divine Revelation informs us, "by his own will begat he us by the word of truth." If we look for nothing beyond the grave, too many will say, "what advantageth it me?" Dr Doddridge observes, "there are some sufferings of flesh and blood, to which good men for conscience' sake have been exposed, so extreme, that without some extraordinary support from God, it would be really impossible that the pleasures of a rational thought should be enjoyed by them." Such support must arise from a view of a future state, and from a conviction that afflictions are but for a moment, and are "working out for them a far more exceeding, even an eternal weight of glory." Not that I mean to say, we are to expect Heaven as a *reward* for our virtue, independent of the free grace of God. But

he has promised a glorious inheritance to those who do well, and this ought to stimulate men to the greatest industry in his service. Love to God is the great principle of christian virtue.'

On another occasion she was applied to by a friend, who was placed in an embarrassing situation, for her sentiments on the subject of forming a connexion, without mutual attachment.

The following observations are extracted from her reply.

'It has been readily allowed, that marriage, without great congeniality, must render a person of sensibility extremely wretched. Novel writers have general urged the impropriety of this connexion from this motive. But as this life is only a passport to a better, the principal objection ought to arise from a nobler source.

'Both religion and morality require that there should be a conformity between our words and actions; and, that in both we should always be entirely true. Now when

two people marry, they virtually and publicly declare, that they prefer each other to all the world. If that preference be wanting, this declaration is a capital breach of sincerity. It is the declaration of an untruth before Heaven and earth.

'The least deviation from truth, in this one capital point, imposes a kind of necessity to practise continual dissimulation. Having exhibited to the world the strongest proof of a peculiar, and individual affection, honor and reputation render it of consequence to keep up the deception. By doing this, however, the delicacy of moral feeling must be continually wearing away. And what will be the happiness of married life under circumstances like these?

'The attention which a husband and wife have a right to expect from each other, must originate in a decided preference of each other; else the indifference of one of the parties may effectually destroy that happiness, which they had bound themselves by the most sacred obligations to promote.

'But even this continual dissimulation,

which is highly injurious to the moral character, and extremely painful to an ingenuous mind, will be wholly unavailing for its end. True love is of so delicate a nature, that it can never be satisfied with anything short of love in return; and it is of a power so penetrating, that, by its own light, it sees into the heart of the person beloved. Its primary object is to possess the heart. "Not the warmest expressions of affection, or the most fervent protestations, are able to give any satisfaction, where we are not persuaded the affection is real, and the satisfaction mutual.

> "All these possessed are nought, but as they are
> The proofs, the substance of an inward passion
> And the richplunder of a taken heart.'"

The first edition of Miss Adams's View of Religion was published before her sister's death, and partly transcribed by this sister. The second was begun as soon after this afflicting event took place, as she could collect resolution to engage in it. Those who knew her might indeed wonder that any mo-

tive could at any time be powerful enough to induce her to publish a book. Her humility, her diffidence, and her total ignorance of business, seemed to present insurmountable obstacles. It was necessary, however, that she should earn a subsistence in some way. She had tried various methods. Making lace, during the war, had been one of the most lucrative employments. But home-made lace could only be tolerated, when no other could be procured; and as soon as importation become easy, it sunk into total disuse. Spinning, weaving, and braiding straw were by turns tried. But all afforded her only a scanty subsistence. Her eyes were weak, and often so much inflamed that she could not use them. Her general health also was extremely feeble, and her mind depressed by present evil, and harassed by distressing fears for the future. 'It was desperation, therefore, and not vanity,' said she, 'that induced me to publish.' Her memoirs mention the disappointment she experienced in the profits of her first edition. When about publishing a second, it

was necessary to pay a few shillings for the further security of the copy-right ; and this sum, though so small, she was obliged to borrow from a friend. On the subject of poverty, she always spoke with great feeling. She had early in life been brought up in indulgence ; and poverty had come upon her at an age, when the sensibility of the heart are most alive. There can hardly, indeed, be a suffering more acute to a feeling mind, that has experienced the pleasure of bestowing, than to find its means of benevolence cut off, and all its powers necessarily turned into a weary, wasting struggle for self-preservation. 'And yet,' she said, 'I had then enjoyments, of which the rich have no idea. When I had any work brought in that would enable me to earn a few shillings, by which I might buy paper, or any articles of stationary, I engaged in writing with an interest that beguiled the monotony of my life.' After the second edition of her book was published, she kept a school for the summer months for successive years ; and, though in this employment she experienced

the usual difficulties of school-keeping in the country, it was, upon the whole, a source of happiness. As the schools were in the neighboring towns, she resided among the parents of the children by turns; and her intelligent and acute mind often derived amusement, and profit, from these occasional residences. She treasured up many pleasant little anecdotes, that marked the habits and manners of the families in which she then lived, many of which retained much of the primitive simplicity of their forefathers.

One anecdote may not be unacceptable. She passed several months in the family of a respectable farmer, whose turn it was to receive the *school-mistress*. His wife was a pattern of frugal, industrious management; yet not devoid of that desire of appearing 'decent,' which was manifested by the Vicar of Wakefield's wife before her. The usual dress of females in the country at that period, when engaged in domestic employments, was the 'short russet kyrtle,' confined at the waist by a home-spun checked apron. This was the costume of the mis-

tress of the family. The year Miss Adams resided there had been one of uncommon prosperity. The crops were abundant, and many little luxuries had been added to the household establishment. With injunctions of secrecy, the good woman informed her guest, that, if the next year also should prove to be as prosperous, she intended to wear *long calico gowns!*

Miss Adams remarked, that these early scenes often recurred to her mind, amidst the wealth and splendor she witnessed in later life; and the impressions of both were heightened by the contrast.

That her sensibility was a source of pain, as well as of happiness, cannot be doubted. She censured herself severely for moments of irritation, and felt the keenest self-reproach for what might be truly called the infirmity of her nature. That she perfectly understood her weaknesses, and moral exposures, and guarded in her heart the avenues to temptation, the following resolutions, found among her papers, are a sufficient proof.

SERIOUS RESOLUTIONS.

I resolve to read the Bible more attentively, and diligently, and to be constant and fervent in prayer for divine illumination and direction.

2d. To read less from curiosity, and a desire to acquire worldly knowledge, and more for the regulation of my heart and life; consequently, to have my reading less desultory, and to read more books of practical divinity.

3d. In choosing my friends and companions, to have a greater regard to religious characters than I have hitherto had.

4th. To avoid such company as has a tendency to unsettle my mind respecting religious opinions.

5th. To endeavor to preserve a firm reliance on Divine Providence, and to avoid all unreasonable worldly care and anxiety.

6th. To pray and guard against loving my friends with that ardent attachment, and that implicit reliance upon them, which is incompatible with supreme love to, and trust in, God alone.

7th. To endeavor to attain a spirit of forgiveness towards my enemies, and to banish from my mind all those feelings of resentment, which are incompatible with the spirit of the gospel.

For a number of years, no incidents occurred in the life of Miss Adams which claim peculiar notice. It is a long road, with only here and there a milestone. She continued to write, but on subjects not at all congenial with her own taste. She was enthusiastic, and a great lover of poetry and fiction; but on these subjects she distrusted herself, and made it her constant study to accommodate her mind to common life. Her History of New England is evidence of her perseverance in this purpose, as that work was undertaken soon after the second edition of her 'View of Religious Opinions.'

In her memoirs, she mentions her difficulty of procuring books that would aid her in her purposes. The very uncommon faculty she possessed of comprehending, and making her own, the information a book contained, greatly assisted her labors. She was

invited to pass a week or two at the late President Adams's, at Quincy, with the offer of his library as an inducement to accept the invitation. He was much struck with the rapidity with which she went through folios of the venerable Fathers; and made some pleasant remarks in consequence, which induced her to speak of their contents. He then found, that, while she had been turning over leaf after leaf, she had been culling all that could be useful in her labors. She possessed the power of application to an uncommon degree, and was often so entirely engrossed in her subject, as to be unconscious of the lapse of time. This abstraction gave rise to many little anecdotes. It was said that she often spent days at the Atheneum; and that the librarian, after some ineffectual attempts to disengage her from her book, would lock the door, go home to his dinner, and return again, and find her in the same spot; and unconscious either of his absence, or that the dinner hour was past. A friend repeated this account to her, and asked her if it was true. She said in reply,

'It is very much exaggerated, I don't think it ever happened more than once or twice.'.

It was on a visit to Boston, that Miss Adams first saw Mr Buckminster. He was then at college, and about sixteen years old. Those who knew him will not think her description of him an exaggerated one. 'He had then,' she said, 'the bloom of health on his cheek, and the fire of genius in his eye. I did not know from which world he came, whether from heaven or earth.' Though so young, he entered fully into her character; and before they parted, he gave her a short, but comprehensive sketch of the state of literature in France and Germany.' After he became the Pastor of Brattle street Church, he, with Mr Higginson, and Mr Shaw the active founder of the Atheneum, proposed to Miss Adams, who, from an enfeebled constitution, had begun to grow infirm, to remove to Boston; at the same time procuring for her, through the liberal subscription of a few gentlemen, an annuity for life. She had then commenced her History of the Jews; and nothing could have been more

favorable to its progress, or to her own ease of mind, than this benevolent arrangement. She could never speak of her benefactors without deep emotion.

From the Rev. Mr Buckminster she received the most judicious, and extensive assistance. She was in the habit of visiting him in his study, and had his permission to come when she pleased, to sit and read there as long as she pleased, or take any book home and use it like her own. Perhaps people are never perfectly easy with each other, till they feel at liberty to be silent in each other's society. It was stipulated between them, that neither party should be obliged to talk. But her own language will best describe her feelings. 'Mr Buckminster would sometimes read for hours without speaking. But, occasionally, flashes of genius would break forth in some short observation, or sudden remark, which electrified me. I never could have gone on with my history, without the use of his library. I was indebted to him for a new interest in life. He introduced me to a valuable circle of

friends; and it was through him that I became acquainted with Mrs Dearborn, whose kindness and attention to me have been unceasing. His character was the perfection of humanity. His intellectual powers were highly cultivated and ennobled. Yet even the astonishing vigor and brightness of his intellect were outdone by the goodness of his heart.

> 'No thought within his generous mind had birth,
> But what he might have own'd to heaven and earth.'

Mr Buckminster assisted Miss Adams's researches, and procured information for her, relative to the Jews. He took a warm interest in this oppressed people, and often prayed for them during communion service, in the same language in which Jesus had prayed for them. 'Father, forgive them! for they know not what they do.' For about two years after the removal of Miss Adams to Boston, she enjoyed this intercourse, visitting his study with the utmost freedom.

It is impossible not to look back with admiration upon the benevolence that prompted these kind attentions; and it is not

a difficult effort of imagination to enter the library, and to view these laborious, and dissimilar students together. The *one*, distinguished by the natural ease, grace and elegance of his manners; the *other*, timid and helpless. The one, treading with the elastic step of youth, and the other declining into the vale of years; yet both drawn together by those sympathies, which spring from the fountain of perfect and everlasting good. Who would not be touched by the spectacle of a young man of distinguished talents, equally sought by the world of *science*, and of *fashion*, extending a helping hand, and devoting a portion of his valuable time, to a timid and helpless female, shrinking from the ills of life; but who indeed derived her happiness from the same sources that he did, literature and religion! When, from indisposition, she omitted for any length of time her visits, a kind note, or a still kinder call alleviated the infirmities of her health. But this happiness was not to last. Miss Adams was only one among the many who beheld Mr Buck-

minster disappear, at the early age of twentyeight years, 'in all the brightness of his honors, and without any twilight coming over his fame.'

Miss Adams corresponded with literary characters both abroad and at home, but she never preserved any copies of her own letters. She wrote with great simplicity, and singleness of heart, without any display, and set no value on her own composition. She had, indeed, a singular standard of judging. It was her firm persuasion, that she never wrote anything original. 'It is other people's thoughts,' said she, 'that I put into my own language.' Were all writers brought to the same test, there are few that could claim much originality of thought; though the rich and varried modes of expression, and the different views which different minds take of fundamental truths, often give them the grace and charm of novelty. In this opinion of herself, however, she seems to refute her position; as it must be acknowledged that this view of her own works is

rather *original* among authors. Her defect was, underrating, instead of overrating her powers. Her mind was like a well cultivated garden, stored with fruits and flowers, and watered by pure streams. But they were streams that flowed on just as nature had intended. There were no cascades, nor fountains, nor serpentine walks, nor rare exotics. All was simple, and natural.

Her timidity was excessive. It pervaded her whole character, and sometimes palsied the efforts of her mind. In her youth she amused herself with writing tales of fiction. 'But,' she said, 'they all took their color from her own life. She could do nothing but kill and destroy; and when her situation became happier, and her mind more cheerful, she could not endure the sight of them.' When very young, her health being in a feeble state, and not expecting to live long, she determined to write a number of letters to her young friends, after the manner of Mrs Rowe's; intending they should reach them mysteriously, immediately on her death. But fortunately for the Jews, and for litera-

ture, her anticipations were not realized. She was early in life much in the habit of committing poetry to memory; and this she never forgot. 'I could repeat poetry,' said she, 'I believe for three months together; and though I am now continually troubled by forgetting where I have laid a knife, a pencil, or a pen, yet the long poems I learned in my youth, I can repeat as accurately as ever.' She went on to observe, that these recollections did not give her so much pleasure as might be supposed; for, as this poetry was selected when she was young, much of it was not of a kind which her maturer taste and judgment could approve.

Though Miss Adams was born and bred in the country, she felt the strongest enthusiasm for rural scenes; and they always seemed to retain the power of novelty over her mind. A walk, a ride, or a visit to any new place, awoke all the fervor of her feelings. It was on one of these occasions that she composed the following lines.

'Such scenes the days of innocence renew,
And bring the patriarchal age to view,

Thus favor'd Abraham, in the days of old,
On flowery Mamre kept his fleecy fold;
While friendly angels left their heavenly seat,
To greet the patriarch in his calm retreat.'

There are few who were more calculated for the enjoyment of friendship and society than Miss Adams. Yet for a long period she seems to have been in a great measure deprived of both. It is difficult to say what effects might have been produced by the action of other minds upon her own. It might have roused it to more inventive exertion; or, on the other hand, in the fulness of enjoyment, her mental powers might have sunk into indolence. But one thing is certain, that her happiness would have been greatly increased by it. Those who knew her only late in life can fully realize how much she must have felt the want of a friend, after the death of her sister. Her strong sensibility to all that was excellent, and good, and fair in creation, peculiarly fitted her for that intercourse of thought and feeling, which such emotions naturally call forth. Her love of literature was no

doubt a high source of enjoyment. But perhaps even this might have been increased, by those occasional restraints which the forms and habits of society impose. The epicure is willing to delay his dinner for an appetite; and, upon the same principle, those who read, write, or reflect with the greatest relish, may return to these occupations with tenfold enjoyment, after giving an hour or two to a social circle, or even to the dull round of a modern tea party. But Miss Adams had none of these incentives. She was at liberty to read, or write, with out interruption; to turn over huge folios, or musty manuscripts, from morning to night; and if she sometimes suspended her labors, and walked abroad, it was for a solitary pleasure. Yet she allowed no sentiment of repining, or of discontent, to embitter her life; for she fully realized that,

> 'It is th' allotment of the skies,
> The hand of the Supremely Wise,
> That guides and governs our affections
> And plans and orders our connexions;
> Directs us in our distant road,
> And marks the bounds of our abode.'

This feeling of resignation to existing circumstances prevented Miss Adams from making any strenuous exertions to improve her condition. Once, indeed, she projected a plan of keeping a circulating library at Salem. She had a considerable number of books to begin with, and probably encouraged a hope that she might in this way become instrumental to the promotion of religious and moral instruction. But she never thought superficially on any subject; and before engaging in active measures, she made full inquiry into the probable success and consequences of her plan. It was then that her upright, and conscientious mind, relinquished the undertaking. The reflection, that the emoluments of a circulating library are drawn from novels, plays, and romances, and that, in keeping such a library, she must be accessary to much waste of time, if not perversion of taste and even of principle, by disseminating works which often are read because they are new, determined her conduct. She felt, and lamented the injury, which the promiscuous reading

of similar works had produced on her own mind. While they had sharpened her sensibility to the evils of life, they had also enervated her resolution to endure them; and she ascribed much of her mental suffering to this cause. She would not, therefore, pursue the plan of a circulating library, though encouraged to do it by some warm-hearted friends. Had the Waverley novels made their appearance in her youthful days, they would probably have rendered harmless the greater part of those which fell into her hands. Their just historical painting, their strong delineation of character, and masterly touches of passion and feeling, united with the exquisite description of what is beautiful and sublime in the scenery of nature, could not fail to have given her a juster taste, and directed her enthusiasm to a higher mark. Her own good sense, led her, in time, to discriminate, and to separate the gold from the dross; and she never ceased to derive great pleasure from a well written work of fiction. Her whole testimony, however, was given against that

promiscuous reading of novels, which has been in times past, more than of late years, permitted among young girls. The rapid progress of education, by occupying the time, and expanding the mind, has done much towards the correction of this evil. Many now sip at the fountain-head of elegant literature, and feel the beauty of Virgil, and the sublimity of Dante, in their native languages; listen to the sweet melody of Tasso; and find in the christian leader of the early ages, Godfrey, a hero far surpassing the heroes of modern romances.

Happily the time has arrived, when the cultivation of female intellect needs no longer to be advocated, or recommended. It is now placed on a just and rational ground. We hear no longer of the *alarming*, and perhaps justly obnoxious din, of the 'rights of women.' Whatever their capacity of receiving instruction may be, there can be no use in extending it beyond the sphere of their duties. Yet how wide a circle does this include! Who can doubt the sacred and important duties of a mother? 'Nature has

not more evidently assigned them the task of nourishing the body of the infant, than she has that of developing, and cultivating the mind, in its earlier stages.' It is her office to sow the first seeds of virtue; to regulate the first excitements of temper; to cultivate gentleness, forbearance, disinterestedness, and above all, obedience. For this, her own habits must be those of careful observation, of steady self-government, and of systematical arrangement; otherwise, her plan will be made up of miscellaneous feelings, and opinions, that will be constantly fluctuating.

'It may be doubted whether any one can be placed in so insulated a situation, as to possess a right of appropriating any considerable portion of his time to studies, which may not terminate in a practical result.' This rule, in an enlightened sense, ought to be the standard of a woman's education. It ought to be the measure of her cultivation. But surely no faculty of her mind can be spared from this work. 'She is designed by nature for elegance, and gentleness;

to endear domestic life to man, to make virtue lovely to her children, to spread around her order and grace, and to give society its highest polish. No attainment can be above beings whose end and aim is to accomplish these important purposes. Every means should be used to invigorate by principle, and culture, their native excellence and grace.'*

These observations may be deemed irrelevant, but they are suggested by Miss Adams's own remarks on this subject. She often regretted the time she had spent in useless, and desultory reading, and observed, that when she first began to turn her attention to the study of the dead languages, she felt as if she was 'drawing upon herself the ridicule of society.' She lived, however, to see these prejudices removed, and to receive a respect and deference from literary men, which often excited her astonishment, as well as gratitude. There have been many instances recorded, of talent which has been suffered to languish in obscurity and want. Against these, the present instance

* Fenelon.

ought not to pass unnoticed. The individual kindness that Miss Adams received was invariable. She had outlived almost all her cotemporaries. But new generations had sprung up under the enlightened influences of education, who respected her intellect and learning, and who loved her for her goodness. After her removal to Boston, she was therefore seldom long in solitude. Her little apartment was usually decorated with the flowers that her young friends brought her. Many of them spent hours in reading to her, and cheered her by their bright and animated conversation. It would be injustice, also, not to refer to the disinterested, and liberal assistance she received from those friends, who enabled her to reserve a part of her laborious earnings for the benefit of a suffering relative. The annuity, which continued to her death, was said to have been first suggested by ladies; but afterwards, the proposal was put into the hands of Mr Shaw, and the other gentlemen mentioned in her memoirs. A few years previous to her death, a number of ladies at

Salem sent her an annual sum as a testimony of their respect.

At one period of her life, her correspondents were numerous. Amongst them might be mentioned names, that will long be cherished by posterity. The venerable President Adams, to whom the second edition of her View of Religions was dedicated, took a benevolent interest in her literary success. From one of his letters to her, the following sentence is extracted.

'You and I are undoubtedly related by birth; and although we were both "born in humble obscurity," yet I presume neither of us have any cause to regret that circumstance. If I could ever suppose that family pride was in any case excusable, I should think a descent from a line of virtuous, independent New England farmers, for one hundred and sixty years, was a better foundation for it, than a descent through royal or titled scoundrels ever since the flood.'

With the learned Bishop Gregoire, whose name is familiar in our country as well as his own, her correspondence continued ma-

ny years. The congeniality of their labors in the cause of the Jews, as well as general philanthropy, had made them acquainted with each other. With Mr Cunningham, also, Vicar of Harrow, and author of 'The World without Souls,' she exchanged letters. From Miss More she received several, all of which she most highly prized. The late Mrs Catharine Cappe was among her correspondents; nor can we omit to mention her letters from the amiable, and distinguished Swedenborgian, Mr Hill. There is one also among her papers from the venerable Bishop Carroll, in reply to a letter of hers addressed to him. It is with no narrow feeling we mention names like these. We ask not their sect or country. They belong to the great family of mankind, and we claim affinity as a rightful inheritance.

The strength of Miss Adams's natural affection was proportionate to her social ties. Of her only remaining sister, and to whom her memoir is bequeathed in the 'humble hope that it may be a pecuniary benefit to her,' she often spoke with deep and ir-

repressible feeling. She sometimes projected plans, by which she might have enjoyed more of the society of her nieces; but she submitted to the necessity which separated her from her relatives without a murmur. One of her nieces was adopted, and educated by a lady, who fell a victim to consumption in the prime of life. Here recollection lingers for a moment. Impelled by a powerful sense of duty, this lady quitted her nearest friend, and sought, in the milder climate of Italy, that health and freedom of respiration which were denied her here. She was able to derive much enjoyment from her short residence in a land that abounded with objects congenial to her taste; but only lived to return, and yield her last breath in her native country.

As Miss Adams has mentioned her works in her memoir, in the order in which they were written, it is unnecessary to say more of them. They have been reviewed, and weighed, by a candid public; and met at the time the wants of the different departments in which they were written. Her History of

New England was a pioneer to many similar works that followed. There is, however, one work of hers, published in 1804, which is less known. It is entitled, 'The Truth and Excellence of the Christian Religion exhibited.' This work contains interesting, and short sketches of the lives of eminent laymen, who have written in defence of the Christian religion, with extracts from their writings. The characters are selected with judgment and taste, and every circumstance is omitted that does not aid her purpose. From the preface to 'The Truth and Excellence of the Christian Religion,' written by the author, we select one passage. 'In order to prevent any misrepresentation of the design of this compilation, it may be proper to inform the reader, that these great names, and the testimonies they have given of their firm belief of the truth of Christianity, are not adduced to justify a reliance upon human authority, or to establish the divinity of the christian system; but the evidences of revealed religion are still submitted to, and boldly challenge, the strict-

est scrutiny, by the known and established rules of right reason.' In connexion with this idea, she quotes the following lines from Cowper.

> '"Philosophy baptized
> In the pure fountain of eternal love,
> Has eyes indeed; and, viewing all she sees,
> As meant to indicate a God to man,
> Gives him the praise, and forfeits not her own."'

The order and systematic arrangement of this work is excellent. It was principally intended for the use of young persons; and the characters selected are not wanting in that sort of interest, which is suited to make them attractive to the young. The following anecdote is there related of Grotius.

'This great man was twice sent on embassies to England. On his return to Holland, he found the religious divisions which had for some time prevailed in that country increased. By his attachment to Barnevelt and the remonstrant party, he incurred the displeasure of Prince Maurice of Orange. In 1669, he was seized and sentenced to perpetual imprisonment, and his estate was

confiscated. In pursuance of this sentence, he was imprisoned in the strong castle of Louvestein; and after having been treated with great rigor for more than a year and a half, he was rescued by a stratagem of his wife. He had been permitted to borrow books of his friends; and when he had perused them, they were carried back in a chest with his linen, which was in this way sent to be washed. During the first year, the guards were exact in examining the chest; but at length grew remiss, and did not take the trouble to open it. His wife, who belonged to one of the first families in Zealand, and was worthy of such a husband as Grotius, observing their negligence, advised him to bore holes in the chest to prevent his being stifled, and then to put himself into it, and to make his escape. She requested the governor of the castle to permit her to send away a chest. After her request was granted, Grotius was put into the chest, and conveyed to a friend's house in Gorkum, where, dressing himself like a mason, and taking a rule and trowel, he passed through

the market place, and stepping into a boat, went to Brabant. There he discovered himself to some of his friends, and hired a carriage at Antwerp. At first there was a design of prosecuting his wife, who remained in the prison. However, she was released by a plurality of voices, and universally applauded for a resolution and courage which saved her husband's life, while it endangered her own.'

It would be a pleasant office, in paying this tribute to the memory of a friend, to record the names of many whose kindness and attention to her were unremitting. Some, like herself, have gone to their long home; but others still remain, to continue their 'noiseless deeds of worth.' One little incident, which greatly interested her from the mystery attached to it, is a reason for mentioning the name of a lady who is now no more, but who was distinguished for endowments of mind and person. She married, and went to Europe during the revolutionary war. After passing many years in England, Scotland and France, she re-

turned to this country, with a mind fraught with practical knowledge, a heart full of benevolence, and blest with that happy talent of conversation, that draws forth from the recipient as much as it communicates. In this lady's society Miss Adams took the greatest delight. During their long and pleasant intercourse of many years, an artist waited on Miss Adams, and requested her to sit for a miniature picture of herself: saying that he was commissioned to solicit the favor by a friend. She consented, but was entirely at a loss to conjecture who the friend could be. The picture was completed, and in the course of a few weeks sent to her, with the following note.

My dear Madam — I send you the miniature for which you had the goodness to sit. It has been generally recognised, and thought a good likeness. I hope it will be as much approved in your room, as it has been in mine. Now, my dear Madam, you will discover the friend who was desirous that you should *live* in future, in *person* as well as

in *mind.* I sincerely hope others may feel as I do on this subject; and a more valuable portrait be secured of the lady, whose talents and writings have diffused so much useful knowledge, and whose conduct and life has been so exemplary. After it has been with you long enough for your friends to see it, I wish it returned, and to have the honor of its hanging in my house. If one better calculated for the purpose should not hereafter be taken, I shall bequeath it to the Athenæum.

With great respect,
Your friend and servant,
CATHARINE HAY.

BOSTON, DEC. 25, 1822.

The hope of this lady was accomplished. A few years before Miss Adams's death, through the influence of a few friends, a fine likeness of her was taken by Mr Harding, and was afterwards presented by them to the Athenæum.

We hope it may not be deemed improper to mention one other friend, whose life was

a series of benevolent and disinterested exertions. Immediately previous to Miss Adams's illness, she spoke of this friend with her accustomed interest; and with an anticipation that they should be fellow-travellers to the land of spirits. Mrs Codman's death took place a few days after that of Miss Adams. She has left to her friends those sweet and sacred remembrances, that soften and elevate the heart; while the influence of her intelligent, and liberal mind, will long be felt in the society in which she lived.

The most prominent trait in Miss Adams's character was sensibility. It was impossible to converse with her any length of time, without touching some of the numerous chords that vibrated through her system. An instrument thus organized did not require the skill of an artist to set it in motion. The feeblest hand could extract notes of joy, sorrow, or apprehension. It responded to every breath that passed over it. This sensitiveness sometimes put her at the mercy of

the unfeeling and obtrusive. But, generally speaking, her sensibility was a source of great enjoyment. Towards her friends it flowed forth in an affection fervent and enthusiastic. 'The sight of them,' to use her own expression, 'was like the sun and air of Heaven.' All that was remotely connected with them became important to her. Those who have heard her speak of Mr Thacher, the eloquent and feeling historian of her friend Mr Buckminster, understood the nature of her emotions. She almost identified him with the being that he so beautifully and justly delineated. Brothers indeed they were in the sacred ties of love and harmony, and in those qualities of mind that emanate from the source of perfect wisdom and goodness. There are many who may apply to both that touching sentence the survivor applied to his friend; 'Even now, when time has interposed to subdue all the more powerful emotions of grief, there are those who delight to recall the hours we have passed with *them*, and to dwell on those traits, which we

loved while living, and which death cannot efface from our memories.'

Mr Thacher, unlike his friend, was doomed to see death approach by slow and faltering steps. If there is a trial on earth that mocks the power of human fortitude, it is to feel the usefulness of life cut off, and to be compelled to remain idle during the toils of the day, while cares and labors are thronging around. How nobly he endured this affliction, how justly he reasoned that the part assigned him was to *wait*, must be well remembered. The teachings of Heaven are as various as our wants. This sublime example of patient endurance has found its way to many a heart, and spoken more forcibly than the services even of an active ministry could have done. His fervent prayer is now accomplished. He has gone to that world where 'friendship is uninterrupted, and virtue eternal.'

We bless God for the natural evidence of a future life, which minds like these, bearing the visible stamp of immortality, afford; we

bless him that such have existed, and we bless him that such have preceded those whom we love, to cast brightness over the dark valley of death.

We hope this involuntary digression will be pardoned, and we return again to the subject of our memoir. We have spoken of her sensibility and elsewhere of her humility. This, however, must not be mistaken for that slothful quiescent sense of inferiority, which sometimes belongs to common minds. It was true christian humility; it was the consciousness of high moral capacities, falling far short of her exalted standard of excellence. The sensibility that led her so fully to appreciate the kindness of her friends, made her alive to injury. At any attempt at imposition, her spirit rose proportionably, and she expressed and felt a resentment for which she afterwards reproached herself.

Her judgment and opinion of books was derived from her own power of thought. She did not wait for the decision of others, but expressed her own fearlessly, when called for.

But it was on the subject of character that her mind discovered most acuteness and originality. Even in those whom she loved, she knew how to discriminate, and when she allowed herself to speak on the subject, plainly discovered that she knew how to separate the good from the evil, and that she had learned to love them with their faults.

The last visit that Miss Adams made was to South Boston, in the family of the Superintendent of Juvenile Offenders. There was much in her short residence there to interest her mind. The success of this institution; the groups of rescued children, now cheerful and obedient; the disinterested kindness of the family; nor ought it to be forgotten, the beautiful situation of the building, overlooking the bay of Boston with its many islands, the harbor and city rising in its pyramid of beauty, and crowned by the dome of the State-house; all called forth her enthusiasm, and brightened the last days of her earthly existence. When she return-

ed to her lodgings in Boston, she lamented the want of sun and of prospect. By the instrumentality of judicious friends, she was removed to Brookline; and when there, she wrote the following note to a friend, which, as the *last* effort of her pen, is here inserted.

DEAR MADAM — Will you excuse me if I trouble you with a few lines. I am now settled for the winter, *if I live*. The greatest earthly happiness I can enjoy is seeing my friends, among whom dear Mrs ——— is in the first rank. I need not inform you, and I am unable to express, how much pleasure it would give me to see you in Brookline. The lady I am now boarding with is all goodness. My trembling hand will scarcely allow me to write. Adieu, dear Madam; pray call upon me as soon as you can conveniently.

From your affectionate and grateful friend,

H. ADAMS.

BROOKLINE, NOV. 12, 1831.

The friend to whom the note was address-

ed hastened to see her. She found her in a large, and airy apartment. It was a fine morning; one of those days in which 'Autumn seems to linger in the lap of Winter.' The sun poured its rays into her apartment to her heart's content. She was bright, and cheerful, and said with a smile she 'believed some people thought she had lived long enough; but she was willing to remain as long as it pleased God to continue her,' and then added, pointing to the prospect without, 'how can any body be impatient to quit such a beautiful world!'

But little remains to be added to this short sketch, and that little perhaps is expressed in the Obituary notice which we subjoin.

OBITUARY.

Died at Brookline, near Boston, on the 15th inst. MISS HANNAH ADAMS, aged seventysix. Her literary labors have been long before the public, and have made her name known in Europe as well as in her native

land. Her first work, the 'View of Religions,' was published at a time when this country had few authors, and when a book from a female hand was almost without precedent. She was not impelled by any desire of fame; and though the hope of usefulness was undoubtedly a strong motive to her literary exertions, yet this would not have availed, without the prospect of contributing by her pen to her own support, and the comfort of her nearest friends. It is gratifying to know, that she has left behind a simple and interesting memoir of her early life, which precludes the necessity of saying more of her literary history. Indeed, *literary* claims are perhaps among the last that, at a moment like this, present themselves to the minds of her friends. The virtues and excellences of her character, her blameless life, her sensibility, the warmth of her affections, her sincerity and candor, call forth a flow of feeling that cannot be restrained. To an almost child-like simplicity, and singleness of heart, she united a clear and just conception

of character; to a deep and affecting humility, a dignity and elevation of thought, that commanded the respect and veneration of those around her. Amidst many infirmities she retained the freshness and enthusiasm of youth. Society never lost its charms. To the aged she listened with submission and gentleness; to the classic and highly gifted, with a delight almost amounting to rapture. The young, and there were such who felt it a privilege to 'sit at her feet,' she viewed as 'ministering angels' dispensing joy and gladness. Her love of nature was exhaustless. The first beam of morning, the glory of noon, the last rays of the setting sun, were objects which through a long life she never contemplated with indifference. Those who were in the habit of visiting her, will recollect how constantly her apartment was decorated by flowers of the field, or the garden. It was her object to gather round her images of natural and moral beauty. In many respects her mind seemed so truly constituted for enjoyment, that to those who

knew her but slightly, she might have appeared to be exempted from that mental discipline, which is gradually leading the pilgrim on to the land of promise. But her friends knew otherwise; they knew how keen was her religious sensibility, how tremblingly alive her conscience, how high her standard of excellence, and how great her timidity and self-distrust, and they felt that this was not her haven of rest.

Though Miss Adams's faith was fervent and devout, it partook of the constitution of her sensitive mind, rather than gave the tone to it. Yet amidst moments of doubt and despondency, a passage from scripture, or a judicious observation, would disperse the clouds that had gathered round her, and the brightest sunshine would diffuse itself over her mind and countenance. There are many who will sorrow that they shall see her 'face no more;' but those who knew the peculiar delicacy of her constitution, ought rather to rejoice that she has escaped from the present inclement winter; from the

stormy wind and tempest; that her eyes have opened upon 'one eternal Spring,' a season that always awoke the enthusiasm of her nature, and which she said seemed to her 'like the first freshness of creation.'

It was her happiness to have been conversant with some of the most enlightened and gifted men of the age. From many she received essential benefit; and the universal sympathy and respect, as well as the individual kindness which she excited, are testimonies honorable to human nature. Many in whom she delighted have passed away. To those she has gone, and to the Father and Saviour whom she loved.

The last tribute of respect is, however, yet to be paid to the honored subject of this notice. Her remains are to be removed to Mount Auburn, near Boston, the spot selected for a cemetery. Subscriptions for a monument to her memory have been raised, and it will be erected in the spring. There seems to be almost a poetical unity in this

arrangement; that one who so devoutly

'Looked through nature up to nature's God,'

should be one of the first tenants of a spot, combining so much natural beauty; and which possesses that magnificence of wood and water, which bespeaks it 'a temple not made with hands.'